

PURITAN TRACKS—BUTLER RAPE—ONE OF THE MOST infamous outrages which has come to the knowledge of the authorities and the public, for thank heaven! many a long day, was perpetrated in the heart of our city on the evening of the 20th inst. But one of the ruffians engaged in the transaction has been arrested, he being the person who came to the witness stand in conclusion to a severe punishment should be administered, and will, unquestionably, the case presents worse features than the rape at the Broadway Cottage, and the scene is laid in the next great thoroughfare—the Bowery. The circumstances of the case are these. A young girl, 16 years of age, of great personal beauty, named Sarah M. Dolson Mans, was passing her usual residence in Godden court, near the Bowery, on her way to visit to her friends, who were dining, who lives in the neighborhood of the Bowery. On the evening of the 20th she was invited to attend the Bowery Theatre by her cousin, a young man residing in this city, and after witnessing the performance they started for home, but unfortunately the intoxication of the young girl's companion produced the most deplorable consequences. Upon leaving the theatre, the two women started to have this companion go down and get some oysters; but upon her refusing compliance, he left her alone in the street, and went into the cellar. She had remained in the street some few minutes, when two men came up to her, and one of them put his hand upon her neck, and seizing her handkerchief, twisted it tight around her throat, choking her so that she was unable to cry out. The other one then seized her by the arm, and they both started to walk rapidly across the street, where they whizzed several times and in a very short space of time three men came to her. The handkerchief was twisted so tightly around her throat that it was impossible for her to utter a cry, as she could scarcely breathe. She was then dragged into an alley and laid upon the ground. Her head was held down by one of the men, and she was forced by the other two, while one of them forcibly ravished and violated her person. This man then took the place of the one at her head, when he, too, accomplished his hellish design upon the person of the unfortunate young girl. One of the ruffians who had remained at the entrance of the alley, cried out that some one was coming, which caused the two men who were holding the girl to release her, and to look out for coming up the stairs to escape. She was, however, prevented by the ringleader, who seized her by the throat and thrust her back; in her struggle she got one of his fingers in her mouth, which she bit with all her force. He then rifled her pockets of a purse containing \$3, and in a few minutes after dragged her into the street, and hurried her along to an engine house, where she was thrown into a room, and forced to lie down. Fortunately for the girl's life, perhaps, a watchman was observed, and with one last effort she rushed from her ravishers, and running to the watchmen told him briefly her case. He took her to the watch house—one of the friends following them all the way and abusing and threatening her in a violent manner. On reaching the watch house she recognized the man who had ravished her, and he was arrested, and his finger was found to bear the marks of the girl's teeth.

The matter came up before Justice Gilbert, who immediately commenced a rigid investigation, and notified the relatives and friends of the girl of her situation; and in the family of one of these friends she is now receiving every attention which her unfortunate condition requires. The girl, however, has been committed, charged with this serious crime, gives his name as Alexander Edwards; he is about 25 years of age, and very stout. It is said that this family is "highly respectable."—*New York Herald.*

FEMALE ENTERPRISE AND MISFORTUNE.—A young woman, who has been in the city some years ago, and by her industry and business tact has made a comfortable fortune. It seems that, very lately, she became encumbered in business and failed. We know her well, and have often admired her kindness towards her family when affluence enabled her to make them comfortable. A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from this city thus speaks of her fall:

"The failure of Miss —, of Mississippi, falls heavy on the merchants here, to whom she owes \$800,000. Several houses are in for large amounts from \$4,000 to \$15,000. The commercial enterprises and career of this woman has been most extraordinary. Her credit was unbounded for years. She has made her regular visits to this market, and taken off large amounts of money, and has always been able to always paid up punctually. She was estimated to be very rich. She is a woman of masculine proportions and when she used to attend the auction sales to make her purchases, would crack and enjoy a joke with an man, and was always the occasion of a great deal of mirth and jollity. She was famous every time she came to the city, for taking off her hat and a dozen pretty girls as clerks in her dress, and a great many whom she could not keep in her employ much longer than a season, as they were certain to get married to rich Southerners; so that if a girl wanted to get well settled in the South, she had only to enter the service of Lydia —. But, with all her tact in marrying others, she could not succeed in getting for herself any rich joke was told of her. The following has been the story of her life: She started out as a clerk of her neighbors, and inviting him into her place of business, put in his hands a roll of bank notes, and told him to count them. He did so; the result was \$100,000 in bills of one thousand dollars each. She told him they were his, provided he would take her with them; but the bait did not answer. In fact Lydia —, after a hard dispute. Her total liabilities are \$150,000, and she has been unable to pay a cent likely to receive, you can imagine as well as I can when I inform you she has made an assignment to young lawyer in Mississippi."—*Spirit of the Times.*

PURITAN RELICS.—Just after the death of the military genius of the Puritans, Miles Standish, his house at Roxbury was burned to the ground. The wind soon after blew a storm, which has remained with nothing to mark the spot. The house, which was built by the first Puritan, and which has remained for nearly a hundred years has developed the greatness of the Pilgrims to the consciousness of their descendants, and so hallowed their memory as to impart value, not only to their institutions of unequalled wisdom for their day, but to their habits and manners, and, in fact, to all that was theirs. Under this impulse, a gentleman of Massachusetts has been successful, and has uncovered the ruins of Miles Standish's humble dwelling and to the mind of a Puritan antiquary the toil has been well rewarded. One of the first things discovered was a peck of barley in a bag, covered with charred blanket, which crumbled to pieces on being handled; but the barley was sound, though thoroughly cooked by the fire that destroyed the house. This barley was then distributed, and was found to be a large number of persons. But the barley was only a small part of the treasure found "hid in the sand." The old fashioned, long, wrought-iron hinges on which the door turned to admit its valorous owner were unearthed, an anvil, a hammer, some glass beads, used then, as now, for traffic with the Indians and a gun, a part, including the lock, of that trusty and true gun which was used by Miles Standish, dealt death wherever it was aimed. These relics are to be deposited with some suitable Society and will increase in value as centuries pass away, and the benefits of civil and religious liberty come to be more thoroughly understood. They will be held as precious relics and memories of a mighty race of men, who, for the sake of liberty to think, to believe, to worship and to act, was valued more than property, friends, country or life. They will be valued when the blood of St. Januarius, the bones of the saints, and all the other superstitions by which knavish priests have contrived to impose upon the credulity of superstitious devotees, shall have cast away as things detested.

Speaking of guns, we happened to learn the other day, on undoubted authority, that the gun with which Putnam shot the wolf, is at the bottom of the Ohio river. The General and his son Daniel, afterward a man of high respectability in Connecticut, were on some season at the Ohio, and were crossing it in a small boat. It happened that the General was in the fore part, while Daniel held the gun. The wolf was frightened, and his father reproved him for his fears and hit him kindly with his oar. Alas, the gun slipped from his hands!—*Journal of Commerce.*
